

# Neon Babylon Evangelion Chapter III

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Category: X-overs

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-11 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-11 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:28:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,191

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Without peace, without rest.

## Neon Babylon Evangelion Chapter III

NEON BABYLON EVANGELION By: Andres D. Lapadula V

CHAPTER III Without peace, without rest.

The New Seattle's Marriott Hotel was located on the lake that had once been a city habituated by millions. The building was 20 stories high, painted light gray which contrasted with the perpetual color of the sky, but it was more than that. It was military grade installation. Jeffrey Sinclair walked through the glass doors on the entrance and made it to the lobby, the entire time the memories of what had happened the night before raced on his mind. Sinclair had seen countless of times how a Vorlon could affect the human mind, and the consequences of doing it by force. Still it had been different.

After a while he got to the front desk. The man behind the desk greeted him with a salute, Sinclair returned it. Having rank has it's privileges.

"Seventh floor." The man said. "Room 254."

Sinclair nodded. He took a left turn and walked for the elevators. The thoughts came back to him. The Vorlons would never tell him their agenda, and he sure as hell wasn't gonna ask. The Shadows on one side, the Vorlons on the other and humanity in the crossfire as usual. Still there was hope. Hope in the form of a human Major who can't even begin to understand the full impact of the situation. Sinclair himself didn't understood, but he knew someone who did. The hallway was empty. Only a few of the personnel stayed on the hotel, most of them like Sinclair himself lived at the base. He entered the elevator and pressed the number 7, seconds later it started moving. The numbers passed on the counter silently 5,6,7.. The elevator doors opened and he was once again in a hallway. Sinclair checked the sing

to his right. ROOMS 235-320 He began walking to the directions the numbers pointed and reached 254 almost immediately. Are you ready to confront her? He asked himself. Yes. He rang the bell. Nothing. Again. Nothing. He pressed the open button and the door slided to the side. Sinclair entered the room. It was dark, once his eyes adapted to the lack of light he proceeded to the kitchen, the living room. Again he heard the sound of the gun's safety been removed, as he turned he said the Major behind him with the gun. This time however she lowered it. "You really should lock the door. It's not safe." He said. Major Misato Katsuragi ignored him. As she sat on one of the couches in the room. Typical post contact behavior. He understood what the Vorlon had done. But she might shoot him for not helping. It was natural to be angry at him, yet it had been the only way. Sinclair walked slow to where she was sitting. Katsuragi could still blow his head off and he had to be careful. They can be so unpredictable. Slowly he sat beside her. "How are you holding up?" He asked gripping the gun gently with his hands. "Son of a bitch." She said "You knew it, you knew it all along." "I only know the things they want me or need me to know." Sinclair tightened his grip on the gun. "Give it to me." Without saying another word she released the weapon into his hands. Misato turned her head and looked straight into his eyes. "What do you want from me?" "To help you." "You are a monster. The same as those things." "You already know what they are and where we came from. Now I will give you the facts." Sinclair said forcing himself to order his thoughts, so many things to say, and so many more not to say. "Humanity has always been influenced by other races since the dawn of civilization. How ever one of those races needs humanity as a way to improve it's own power. The Shadows as you already were told have positions of power in every organization in the world, waiting for the right time to make their move." "That's bullshit. Either those Shadows or the Vorlons we're screwed. Why would they expect me to help you." Misato screamed at him. "What is it that you want?!!!" "They have nothing to do with this. The few Vorlons that are helping us are on our side, but they wont do anything against their own kind. We are the ones who have to fight, but it's not attrition, this is a war of ideas, of who's right and who's wrong , and we are only ones who will choose." Sinclair leaned forward to her and grabbing her shoulders the moved closer to her. "There are others that we need to help us. We have to use unconventional ways to reach them." "The children? Why?" Misato said, a tone of concern flashed in her voice.. "Because of what they are." He said. "The UN and NERV already now that there is something in orbit around the Earth. The Shadows also knows it that's why they will do anything to prevent us from contacting it. The Vorlons also know what it means and will kill anyone who tries and make contact, the possibilities are too dangerous for either of them. Because of what they are, the Vorlons will not harm the children, and if the Shadows try then they might jump in to protect them, giving us the break we need." Misato Katsuragi leaned back her hand to her face as she closed her eyes. This was the fact she'd wanted to shut out. The children had already gone through hell. More than that to hell and back at least a couple of times.

She cared to much for them. How could she do this to them. Only the idea was horrible, they were just kids. Had she seen what the Vorlon had shown her, she would have shot this bastard for just mentioning the idea. Now she knew better. It had stopped been about personal feelings, or individuals. The only thing that should matter is the survival of Mankind. It was war. "Shit."

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He shifted his eyes from the jet black gem he held in his hands and looked at Gendo Ikari as the former turned to face him. "Unit 06 has been secured. All we need know is for your pilot to show up." Said Ikari folding his arms.

"He will come, Mr. Ikari, rest assure of that. We have spent a great deal of effort on this. Soon the

Seventh Seal will be open and our era will come."

"NERV has done it's job so far, but how do you expect to deal with SEELE. They wont accept this as easily." Ikari paused for a second, expecting a reply. None came so he continued. "We have no power over them or their resources."

"SEELE is of no concern to them."

"Whatever you say."

"Now for the other piece of business at hand. I want your people ready for when our pilot arrives, and get you other two Units working I don't want anything to go wrong. We still have no idea if the Eva will synch with a Telepath."

Ikari shook his head. "That thing will work with lab rats." A smile began to appear on the man's face . "Now Mr. Ikari, rats are so unpredictable. That's why they use kids."

They were on one of the many conference rooms inside Central Dogma. It was a dark place, lighted only by the faint glow of a single fluorescent white lamp. To his far side there was glass window from wish they could see the surface on the underground installation. A huge forest, crowded with green trees, covered by the top part of the installation, a sky of metal and buildings turned up side down, they were kept that way because of the lake the explosion of Tokyo 3 had caused.

It was of the greater things they had built on the planet, hundreds of years ago. A fortress for all mankind, and no one here even knows it's real purpose, but they knew, they do everything for a reason. Even giving the Evangelion to the humans had been a calculated risk. The salvation of mankind in exchange for the increment of their influence. It had worked, NERV had become the number 1 organization in the world, and they controlled it. Now finally victory was near.

A man dressed in a military uniform entered the room, holding a small plastic communicator. Ikari picked it and pressed it against his hear.

"What?. I see." He returned the devise to the man and addressed his companion.

"Your pilot is here."

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Deep in the Southern Underground Facility in Seattle, the corridor

opened into huge hemispherical chamber. Jeffrey Sinclair found the dark blue haired woman standing next to the door marked: HANGAR ACCESS. AUTHORISED PERSONEL ONLY.

"Ah, Mr. Sinclair." Misato said turning to him. "I got you note. You should have given me a map or something, 'cause I've been asking directions of a while now."

"I did gave you a map. It was the right button on the datapad."

"Well, I had to ask the delivery man how to read the friggin' message . How was I supposed to know there was a map." She said, waving her hands in the air. "Next time send a fax or just call me on the phone."

Sinclair shook his head. How had Marcus put up with this? At least she wasn't depressed any more, a good sign. "My mistake."

Misato nodded. "Now could you pleases explain what does 'Kickoff' means."

Sinclair looked away from her eyes at the window. He took a deep breath. "The time has come for us to begin moving. We've work for years waiting for this moment. All we need for Stage One to begin is for the rest of our allies to arrive on Earth. We have arranged for a fleet of our forces to meet with them so the they may be escorted to our base. How ever we know that the Shadows will not let this happen."

Misato stared into his eyes. Had she not seen this with her own mind she would have never believed it, it was so unreal. "So what do I do?"

Sinclair continued, " We will travel to Tokyo 3 to get the fighters then we will go from there."

"You know Tokyo 3 was destroyed, don't you?"

"Sure, but our base remains intact. It's all location, location."

Misato folder her arm and bowed her head thoughtfully. After a few seconds she spoke again. "I want to ask you a favor." She turned her head an once again looked a Sinclair, her expression changed from one of confusion to one of concern. "You said that the Shadows might hurt the children."

"May be, if the Shadows think that they a treat they will."

"I wont let that happen, and if you want my help you'll have to help me first. And we'll go from there"

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Lieutenant Peter Schmichaell, Evangelion pilot, saluted Gendo Ikari and held the salute until the Commander returned it. "Thank you for receiving me, sir. It's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you too, Lieutenant." Without moving his head Ikari

glanced towards the blond woman standing in his office. "Doctor Akagi and I were just discussing your scores. Pretty impressive."

The light brown-haired pilot nodded. "Thank you sir."

Dr. Ritsuko Akagi turned away from the clipboard she was holding and looked at the boy. He was somewhere along 5'4", 125 pounds an almost dark blond hair and deep blue eyes. He wore a black uniform with a Y symbol on his chest. "82.45 % on a simulator. That's more than impressive."

"It's easier when it's not the real thing, Dr."

Commander Ikari smiled coolly. "Tell me something, Mr. Schmichaell, are you aware of why you are being selected for this."

The boy returned the smile "Of course, and believe me the Corps have as much to fear from our... friends as you do. The fact is that everyone seems to want something from you and us, and if you friends are going to let them get into the fry then lets play it both ways."

"I will not take part in this coup until we have all the pieces together, and neither will anyone from my staff. Tell that to you CO."

"I will do so ASAP."

Ikari nodded. Good, at least everything is starting to come together. He was well aware of the several factions involved in this. Ever since the Second Impact he'd known it, that mankind's future would be created by this conflict. Whoever was going to win would have to risk it all in the right moment. Only humans could be so daring. Their associates didn't have the guts, for them it was too high a risk to pay, humans didn't care if they lost everything.

"One more thing Mr. Schmichaell, I don't want you scanning any members of my personnel, or I'll have you take suppressant pills."

The younger pilot frowned. Depriving him of his telepathic abilities was like telling a bird not to fly. "Yes sir."

"Good." Ikari made a gesture towards the woman on his right. "Dr. Akagi will show the installation."

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Major Misato Katsuragi had never felt uncomfortable with flying on an aircraft, but the fact that there was a Vorlon standing a few feet away from where she and Sinclair were sitting made her want to open a hatch and skydiving her way to the ground, been in a Learjet 20,000 feet in the air at 900 Km/h that was not a good idea. It's not a bad idea either. She told herself. The plane itself was more luxurious than the one she and Marcus had flown in, there was something about the way the seats were arranged. Two rows on each of the sides of the fuselage and a computer console in the middle.

Sinclair sitting besides her took notice of the uneasiness towards the Vorlon, so he decided to get her attention away from Kosh. Even before he could say something Misato turned to him. "Why did he had

to come along? Can't I just shoot him? Please let me throw him...uh, It, out the window."

Sinclair raised his hands "Hey, wait a second can't you understand that he is the reason we haven't been killed." He shook his head. "Remember that in a war you have to know how to tell your enemies from your friends."

Misato blinked, then smiled. "Why do you have to keep speaking like that Cogliostro guy I meet a few years ago. It's like you guys have a connection." She closed her eyes and folded her arm. "Can I ever get a straight answer from you?"

"You must understand the questions so that the answers become clear."

"Why don't you just say 'NO'."

\*\*\*\*\*

They had been on the elevator for more than ten minutes now. Peter Schmichaell leaned against on the walls in the closed box of metal. By the noise on the machine he could tell that the elevator had begun to slow down. He looked over to the doctor, then to the numbers. 46 levels below ground. They hadn't given him time to memorize the maps, but he was pretty sure there were nearly a hundred levels.

"This is what we call Central Dogma." Ritsuko said. "80% of it's total volume is buried beneath us. NERV headquarters are located on the lower levels, from that point on down it's restricted access, no one has authorization."

"Let me guess, the only ones allowed are you, the Commander and maintenance ." Peter smiled, a confident grin. "Even without telepathy I can tell there is something you don't want anyone to see. The secret behind NERV, the UN, the Corps, and your 'friends' right?"

The doctor said nothing, further enhancing his theory. They had to be hiding something, everyone did.

The elevator stopped and the doors opened revealing a figure standing on the other side. Ritsuko smiled as she recognized the familiar shape.

"Hi, Shinji." She waved a hand at him. The brown haired boy returned the smile.

"Hi, Dr. Akagi."

Peter shivered. There was something about the boy that made him feel strange, still he recognized the name immediately . The Third Child.

"Shinji Ikari meet Peter Schmichaell. The Sixth Child."

Shinji stretched his hand in form on a greeting. "Nice to meet you."

Peter shook the smaller boys hand. "So you are the great Third Child,

eh. It's an honor."

"I have to get everything ready for the activation test, so Shinji, do you mind giving him the tour. I thought you boys could get along really well."

The brown-haired boy nodded. "Sure , No problem."

With that said, Ritsuko stepped from the elevator and into the hallway outside. Shinji walked into the elevator, leaned besides Peter and killed his smile. "So you know me?" he said in an all-to-serious tone of voice. Peter thought he could feel the fatigue and sorrow in those words. This boy had probably went through more pain than anyone had a right to. He wished he could scan him, but the treat of the suppressant was a good deterrent.

"Yes I know you. " He said finally. "At least you name for that matter. Hell from where I came from your name is bigger than Jerry Springer, yours and of course the Second Child's. I would like to meet her."

"I don't think it'll be of any use." Shinji paused, a long pause. For a moment he tried to gather his thoughts , he searched for the right words, but there weren't any to describe it. What could he say? Every time he thought about her the same image appeared into his mind. He saw her, Asuka, the once proud Second Child lying in a bed , eyes wide open, ignoring him as he talked. He had wish for a response, any response at all, even if she screamed or yelled at him, instead there was nothing. It was as if her mind had deserted the rest of her body. He should had helped her when it mattered, now it was too late.

"There is no reason to say anything." Peter said. "I read the report. The EVA causes that sort of thing in the unprepared mind."

Shinji stepped forward. " And it is the monster that awaits for you."

"I'm not like the Second Child, and not like you or any other pilot."

"You are human, aren't you?"

"Yes ."

"Then you are just like us."

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"This is not good." John Sheridan stared wide eyed at the holographic display on the white star's front projector, and he felt as if some invisible hand had gripped his heart and was squeezing it; almost immediately he knew what he was seen. In front of him the brightness of the sun was partially eclipsed by the a spider like shape.

Sheridan had seen it before, too many times, in his nightmares. Ever since the end of the war. Ever since Z'Ha'Dum. They were here. The Great War had been won, millions of lives were sacrificed them, they had lost. Yet here they were, the everlasting incarnation of evil.

Those who walk among the stars like giants. The Shadows.

The human turned to his aide behind him, Anla'shok Lennier wore the same shocked expression on his face.

"Distance." Said Sheridan.

As if snapping from trance the Mimbari blinked and looked down on his console. "2,000 Km."

"Do you have the confirmation."

"Yes sir, silhouette confirmation positive. It's a Shadow Battlecrab."

Sheridan paced himself to his command post in the middle of the bridge. He flicked his fingers on the controls located on the right armrest on his chair. The display changed to a close-up view of the image, the quality of the picture was bad when used to zoom at it's maximum , but he still could make out the huge shape of the thing. He also noticed that there were several small objects swarming around it like flies.

"Can they see us?" He asked.

"I don't think so. We are on the dark side of the eclipse. The Earth should be jamming they sensors." Lennier said, a painful realization flashed in his eyes. Sheridan knew it also. As soon as they came from behind Earth the Shadows would pick them off. A couple of hours maybe, but they probably won't last that long. If the Shadows follow standard procedure they would send they fighters out on log range patrols or on search and destroy missions.

Now the white star was running on minimum power, the fighters might pick them of as space junk and ignore them. It also meant that they could not escape without maximum power to the engines, and even if they could escape, where would they go to. The J.E. were off-line, and in deep space you can run but you can not hide.

"This is not good."

\*\*\*\*\*

The lights inside the entry plug shifted in form and the LCL filled metallic cockpit became a transparent window from which he could see the outside of the Evangelion cages.

Shinji Ikari felt his entire body relax as he liquid oxygenated his lungs. He glanced at the outside and saw the strangely colored Unit 06. Unlike his own unit, this one s head was shaped like some sort of animal, like a shark with no eyes. To his left he saw Unit 02. He still could not understand the use of having it here. They were supposed to take care of things if 06 went berserk , he was more than enough to accomplish that, why would they'd forced Asuka into 02 entry plug if it would proof useless. This further more confirming his theory that NERV did not care about it's pilots only it's objectives.

"Initiating neural connections 1 to 78 on the first block." Dr. Ritsuko said over the Intercom.

"Synch status nominal and holding." Said a male voice he recognized as Hyouga's .

"Activate second set, connection 79 to 134." In front of him the EVA unit raised it's head.

"Clearing primary borderline. All green over the board." Said another female voice. Maya's he believed.

"Initiating third block connections, neural waves nominal."

Unit 06 tilted it's head to one side, looked at him, them at Unit 02. Shinji tightened his grip on main controls. He felt tense. If 06 went out of control he would not only have to stop it and not get killed, he would also have to protect 02.

Almost a full minute went by before the speakers sounded again.

"Final borderline cleared, connections complete. Synch ratio holding at 81.98 %. Evangelion Unit 06 has been successfully activated."

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Asuka Langley Soryu, still wearing her red plug suit, sat on the platform in front of Unit 02's huge head. She drew her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. She still couldn't understand why they would want her into the stupid thing, she can't pilot it anymore. All her life had already gone down the drain, now she worthless, no one needed her, not even that idiot Shinji.

-----Why would he need you? Look at yourself! Why would anyone need you? What use is there for an EVA pilot who can't synch with the damn thing. Why would Shinji bother with your pathetic problems?

Asuka shook her head and buried it between her knees.

-----Why would he care for you? You keep treating him like garbage and you expect him to care !?

It was true. In all the time they'd known each other, she had never said anything nice to him, never one word of affection. She had managed to alienate him, and for what? Her pride? The fact that Shinji always managed to outperform her? And now she had lost everything she cared for, and no one gave a damn.

-----I hate him, he's an idiot that's all he is.

---- Then why do you want him to care for you?...

-----Because I....I..., Damn you Asuka, the only one you should be hating is yourself! Stop blaming others for your stupid mistakes.

---- I hate you, I HATE YOU!!!

"You are the Second Child, am I correct?" Asuka heard a voice from

behind her. Slowly she turned her head and out of the corner of her eyes she saw a boy dressed in black standing there looking down at her. Without saying a word she picked herself up, brushed long lock of red hair out of her face and walked pass the him.

"Sorry, I forgot about your situation." Peter Schmichaell said.

Asuka turned around enough so that he could fix his eyes on hers .

"Save it. I don't need your pity, I don't need anyone's ." She said finally. The words carried a dead tone, as if spoken from a corpse .

"Maybe you need more than you are willing to accept."

Now she became irritated. Asuka turned and reached out with her hands grabbing the boy by the collar of his uniform. Peter fixed his sight on her blue eyes as she frowned and bared her teeth, for a second he say great hate in those eyes.

Then she released the grip on his shirt and her arms dropped limply besides her body. Her eyes filled with an incredible sense of pain Peter had never seen before. A single tear ran down her cheek as she spun around and walked away from him, rubbing her eyes with a forearm.

Peter watched as the red haired girl disappeared through the door. No wonder she can't sync with the EVA, she has completely closed her mind. She doesn't want to be hurt so keeps everything on the outside. Been a pilot is not easy, if she's going to be of any use to the Corps she must pilot the EVA . They had given him the full briefing on HQ, the Corps had guaranteed the authorization to take what ever steps were necessary to ensure the Second Child's collaboration, but there were too many problems with an unstable mind. Problems he would have to solve.

Fortunately they center around the same thing. Her sense of Self Worth, and I know how to improve that. The Corps had asked a great favor of him, had the girl been a Mundane he would have denied, but she was a lot like him. It's shame she is not trained, the Corps could have done wonder with someone with her abilities. The Corps is Mother, the Corps is Father.

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"So look who finally decided to show up." Shinji Ikari could not help but smile as he recognized the all too familiar figure.

Major Misato Katsuragi shrugged "Sorry, I've been busy."

"So busy you forgot to tell me you were transferred."

Misato's eyes narrowed. "Don't be so pushy OK, I told Ritsuko to fill you in."

They were standing on the outside of their apartment on the suburbs of the now disappeared Tokyo 3, Which must have done wonders for the property value

Shinji continued, not stepping away from the door frame.

"So you've been busy doing what?"

"That's what I want to tell you. Come with me ,now!"

You don't get to be Misato's friend by asking questions when she uses that tone of voice.

Shinji picked his shoes and followed the blue haired woman down the elevator. When they got to the lower parking lots he notice the black limousine and the fifty -something man standing next to it.

"This is Third Child, eh? Nice to meet you." Said the man. Misato looked at him then back at Shinji. "Yes, Shinji Ikari meet Jeffrey Sinclair."

"I've been meeting quite a few characters this day." He said to the man, to Misato he said "Now can you tell me what's going on."

She opened her mouth but before she could come up with the right thing to say Sinclair jumped in.

"If you don't mind, Major, we need to get moving so please get on the car. "

"I'm not going anywhere without him."

"Fine. But we need to get going."

Shinji shook his head.

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The stars scrolled down on the front window of the white star's bridge as the ship began to roll it's nose so that the sensors could be deflected from the Earth's magnetic field.

"READINGS" John Sheridan shouted from his command chair.

"500 Km and closing." Answered Lennier.

"Can you confirm that they have seen us."

"No. "

Chief of Security Zack Allan entered the bridge, followed by two Mimbari technicians. They had been working on the engines of hours, but the white star was severely undermanned, simple repairs would take days for the Bio Med systems to fix, and with no spare parts it could take weeks.

"Engine status." Asked Sheridan.

Zack, taking the console besides Lennier made a quick check of the systems then answered. "We have 75% power on sub space, and 67% on weapons. It won't do jack against that Battlecrab, but the fighters are dead." He pressed more buttons on the console "Jump Engines are still of line."

"So we are back to square one. No were to run and if we start the engines they'll pick up the energy signature." Lennier said

"Even with 75% power we can outrun them." Said Sheridan running a hand through his hair. Outrun them to where.

Then as if invoked by the universe the sound of the proximity detectors went off on the bridge.

"250 Km."

Come one there is always a way out of any trap. There has to be something we can do.

As he folded his arms, Sheridan could not avoid thinking that this was the end, they had fought great battles and they would die like sitting ducks in the middle of space. He felt a coldness in his stomach as he thought of Delenn, of his parents, of his friends, Ivanova, Michael, Franklin.

But they are not here, they are home.

Then he stopped thinking.

It was as if a light bulb had one on at the top of his head. He turned to face his aide.

"Engines full. Cut all unnecessary power, direct everything but the guns to the engines. NOW!" He said finally.

Lennier looked at Sheridan, then at Zack, and back at Sheridan. It was suicide, but a Anla'shok did not question orders.

"What course should I set?"

"Earth."

End  
file.